

x

Peter, Paul and Mary

ALBUM 1700

Viet Cong Step Up Saigon Terror War

Election year fun

150-1100 STEREO

BUKKERLESTINE BROWN



WHAT IS FAITH?

Teachers Defy
No-Strike Order



THE CHRISTIAN
IN THE MODERN
WORLD

All Scotches are good.

Solution To America's Ills
"Kill Off All The Adults"

Pope's Hopes For Peace Dashed

soul force



CUBS FLAIL PHILS,

PHILS

WISH
IT WOULD
RAIN

Nicotine

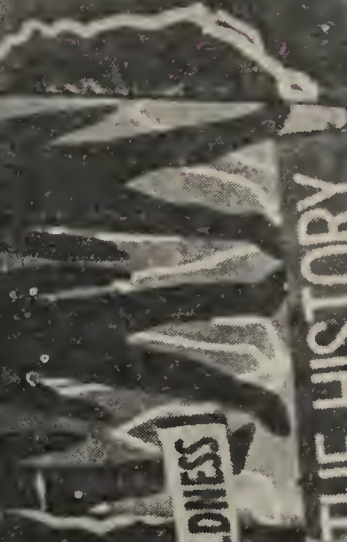
150-1150 STEREO

THE
ORIGINAL
MONOPOLY
RECORDING

HAIR

The New Breed

Miss America



COMBAT BALDNESS

THE HISTORY OF SALVATION

Police Magnificent

All Quiet Along
Suez Line After
Heavy Fighting

Fall '68

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Editor: Steve Pett; Asst.: Steve Ploetz; Production Mgr: Rich Longworth; Business Mgr.: Gene Zondlo; Artists: Al Hartway and Jim Blackwood; Photography: Glen Brandel and crew; Lithographer: Dave Monastyrski; Moderator: Fr. Hanish.

Medication

THE FIRST ISSUE OF PULSE, OF THE YEAR '68-'69
is dedicated to "our Boob" who gave
his life for his Brothers.

In Loving Memory



Robert Warren McGill,
P.F.C., U.S.M.C.

Born May 8, 1949

Died August 24, 1968

Greater love than this has no man,
than he lay down his life for his friends.

St. John 15:13

Semper Fidelis

"Happy are they who dwell in your house: continually they praise you. Happy the men whose strength you are! their hearts are set upon the pilgrimage: WHEN THEY PASS THROUGH THE ARID VALLEY, THEY MAKE A SPRING OF IT; the early rain clothes it with generous growth. They go from strength to strength; the people shall see the God of gods in Sion."

--from Psalm 83



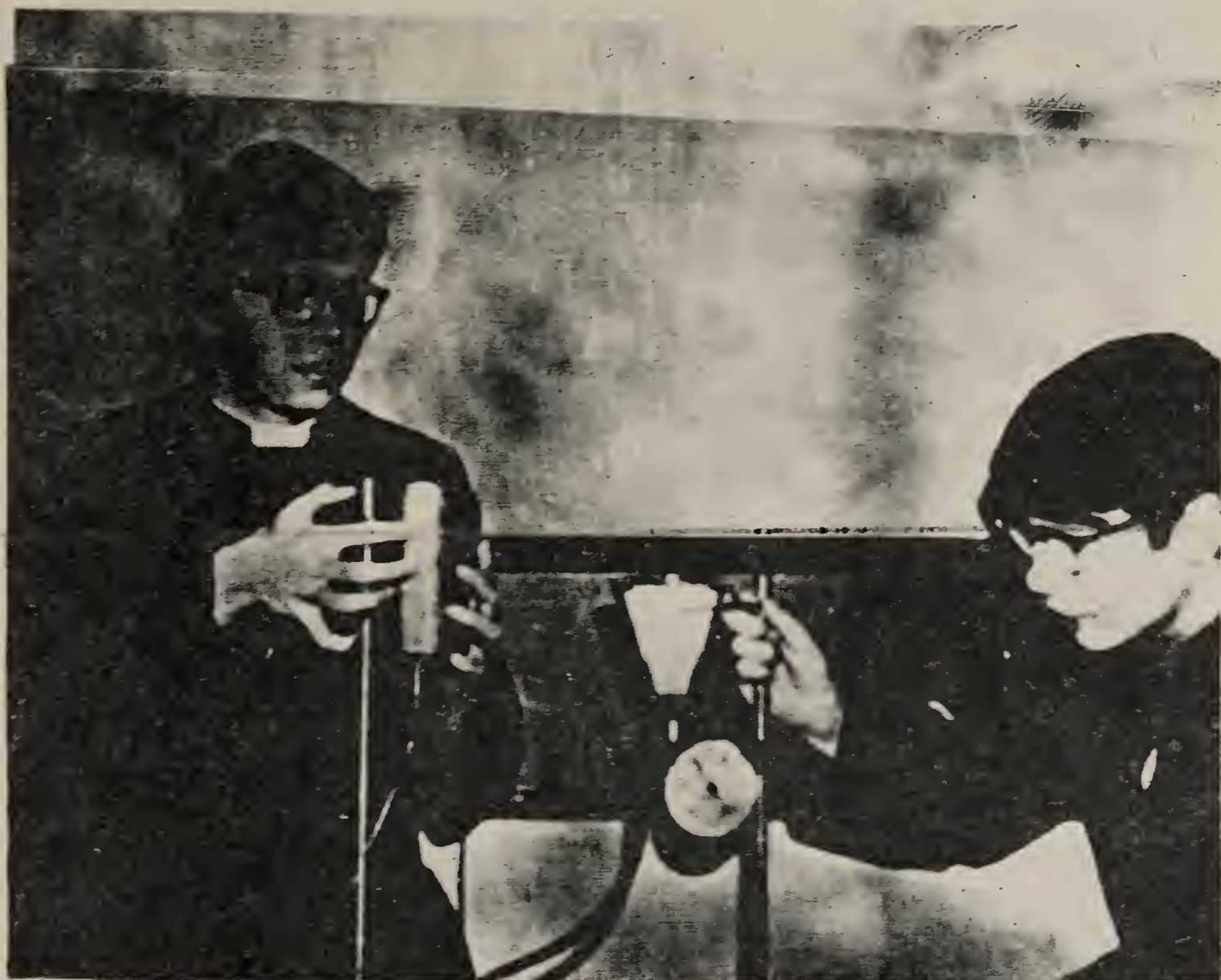
the
things
we've
said
and
done

-- by Bob McGill, March 1967

They say the things we've said are past,
And all that's left is but a shadow
on the walk.

But then I sigh and say that all the
Things we've tried today have not
all failed.

For many things we've said are truth and many
Things we've done are proof of what
we mean.



... of a searching mind?" -- Bobo 57

Many times our efforts don't conclude the feelings that we'd like them to completely.



Remember the SWARM!

But we can't give up the fight because we've
Got to work to keep the rights
we own.

We will always need good critics, and there's
Even room for sceptics in
our age.

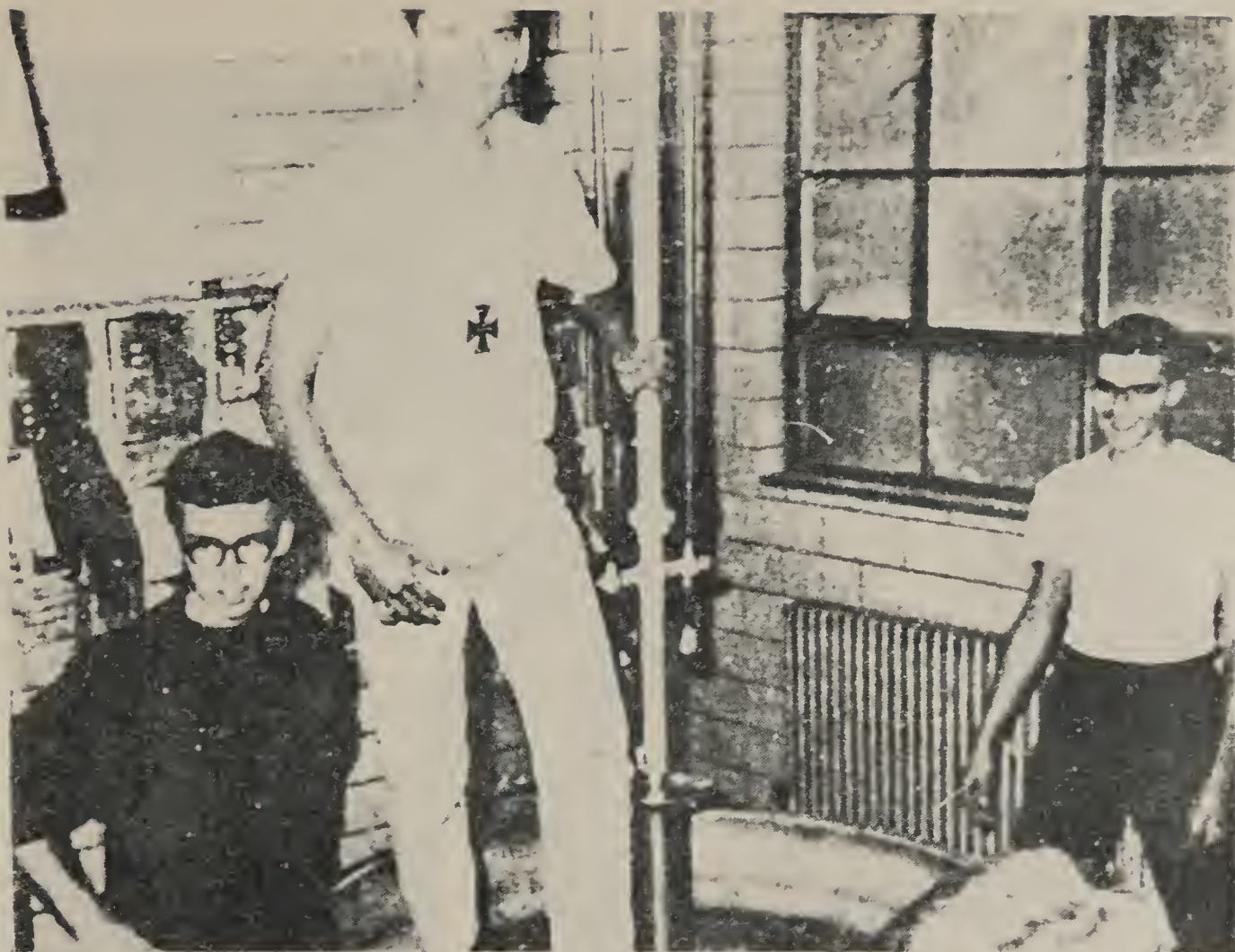
But it's pessimistic dispositions
That reduce the recognition
to our cause.

So there's our chance to build or fall the
Things we need or not at all
could help man -- so don't stop now.

For soon the day will come when all the
Things we've said and done
will never die.



The five of us.



B-dale initiation '67

We're in the midst of happiness and
 Still it's hard to find its kiss
 upon us.



Halloween with the B-dale men.



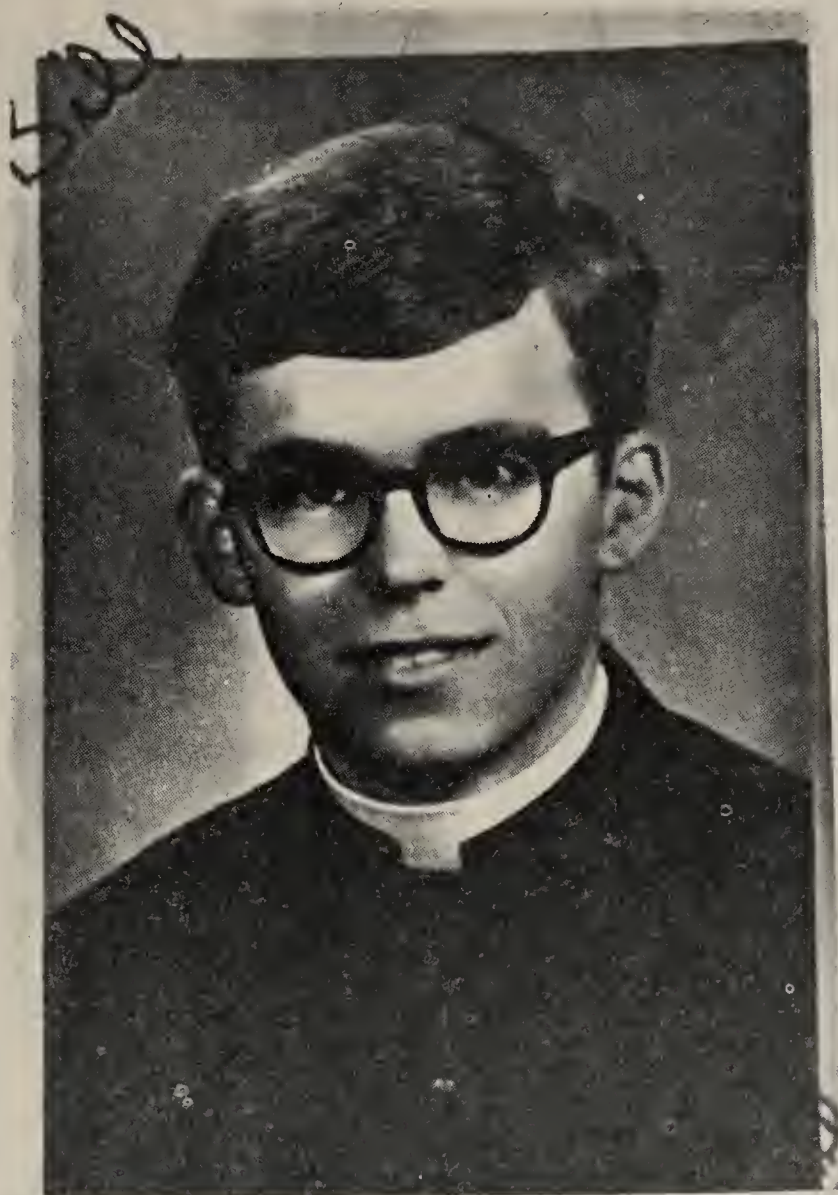
together



We've got to look some more through this
Complexity before we
find the light.

Because a day will come when all the
Things we've said and done
will never die.

And maybe someday
we will see the
heights of Glory
and of peace upon
our earth --
I KNOW WE WILL!!!



Bob believes in the person. His faithful and honest search for God inspires all of us. He now gives to his family and closest friends an enduring faith exemplified in the desire "to give of himself."

A PRAYER

Hear us, O Lord, so that the sacrifice of Bob may not be in vain. So that, thanks to this sacrifice a new and more profound intention of love, of peace, and of reconciliation may take the place of unjust wars and the present struggles.

Peace be with You,
Bob.

EDITORIAL

I suppose that some PULSE readers will be relieved to notice that, contrary to predictions based upon the abnormality of the editor, PULSE has not been converted this year into a literary journal, a philosophical forum, or a psychological survey. Critics of our free-wheeling, amorphous, and undisciplined style of journalism are most welcomed to express their opinions; however, they should remember that PULSE is not committed to any inviolable standards of excellence such as those that might be taught in certain sophisticated high school journalism courses.

By its nature, this first editorial does, I suspect, call for a quick, conventional, capsulated preview of the current school year. My forecast stems from my idea of what Xavier Hall should be like since thermometers, barometers, and other such scientific instruments cannot measure anything so complex and controversial as the quality of life in Xavier Hall. It seems to me that the core of college life is growth through asking questions, and the core of Christians college life is, perhaps, searching for the answers to these questions in a community of persons who show active concern for each other. If so, I should think that willingness to accept and understand guys who are having personal troubles with the requirements of seminary or college life might characterize true community spirit better than bitterness or towards refection of these individuals.

Obviously, only by doing things together: working, eating, recreating, and praying can we get to know and accept each other enough to call ourselves a community. But at the same time, the structure of our schedule allows different majors, membership in campus clubs (Glee Club, WOWI, English, Psychology clubs etc...), apostolic work, and different jobs in our manual labor program. Each of these contributes vitally to the growth of the individual, and I don't think community can deteriorate because of its members' growth. Dividing one's daily time and attention, then is an art

which demands that each person be sensitive to all the values and relationships in campus and hall activities. People can react differently to an atmosphere of relative permissiveness; they can run wild disregarding rules impulsively; they can protest because the security of enforced obedience has disintegrated, or they can determine their behavior after continually and sincerely considering the different values to be served in each particular situation. I prefer to think that the lack of enforced discipline, far from being accidental or unintentional, is designed to develop in us the kind of open-minded personal responsibility without which true community spirit is a myth.

Snurd Snorts:

(or letters to the editor)

Dear Editor,

Why is it that nearly every individual in the sixth-year class is an officer or holds an important position? Could it possibly be that they display their great leadership qualities?

must remind you, however, that in a class as small as ours some "important positions" are conferred on victims of circumstance. Perhaps the Pulse staff illustrates my point best.

Curious Admirer
 Dear Curious,
 Congratulations on your brilliant observation and incisive logic. I

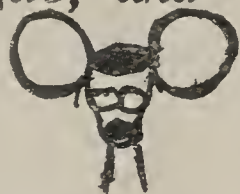
Dear Would Be Editor,
 I'm not trying to be facetious -- this Mickey-Mouse publication appears to be solely intended for the unwashed boobs of the so-called Xavier Hall.

Dear Readers,

Pulse thanks all of those who have contributed so far; unfortunately, however, we have received only enough money to cover old expenses and the cost of the current issue. Consequently, future issues of Pulse will probaby be mimeod on the machines in the Processsing Office and will have no pictures in them.

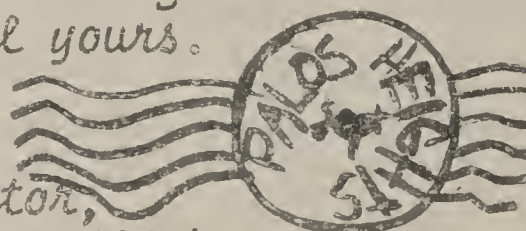
-Editor-

This is onbelievable---ON-believable! INcredible! This letter may seem terribly Mickey-Mouse, but I always accommodate myself to my audience. Please make a half-decent effort to elevate the PULSE to a position at least a little more erudite than the medieval-rural rags of Rib Lake and Rensselaer. Since I cannot realistically expect students of your ilk to understand much at all, I'll expatiate by saying that this would-be publication is, at its best, terribly pitiful, really awful, and no good.



Donald Duck
Mickey
Mouse Club

Thank you for your honest appraisal of PULSE. Unfortunately, our ethical code doesn't allow us to give you the same service at this time. Even if it would I am sure that our array of glib but trite little "nothingisms" could not excel yours.



Dear Editor,

I am a fifth year Xavierite, and as all seminarians do, I participate in the work program. Although I do not qualify

for the Work Study benefits, I nonetheless put in my prescribed amount of hours willingly and in the realization that this is an integral part of seminary training.

I have, in the course of executing my tasks, observed a strange phenomena. I refer to the work, or rather the lack of it, done by the employees of the college with whom I work. I am under the impression that when working with Mongies, these employees feel that they are somehow released from their duties -- which I understand is not the case. Being here only a short time, I could think of no other alternative other than to write to you and seek a course of correction if there be one. If not, the situation has at least been subjected to some form of scrutiny and might open an eye or two.

At the same time, there are employees on campus who have impressed me as diligent and persevering workers. I do not mean to belittle their efforts, and those who are engaged in work with them know who they are. However there is no doubt that a good number shun their prescribed jobs when the

THE MAIL SMELLS BETTER EVERY DAY!

opportunity presents itself, often to the disadvantage of Mongies

Can anything be done?

Harrison F. Coerver.

S.T.A.

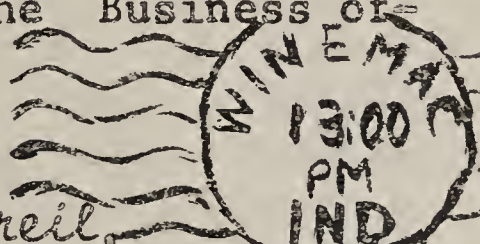
K.C.

+

MO.

Dear Harrison,

Something could be done, but you can be sure it won't. Lack of honesty and justice in labor-management relations is plaguing humanity everywhere, not just St. Joseph College. I have even noticed traces of it in the students of our Xavier Hall work program. If a particular college employee is seriously negligent, perhaps you should report this to the Business Office.



Dear Nonpareil,

I desire to inquire the genealogical history and the common appellation of one who has been seen on occasion on the premises of this extraordinary lyceum of lofty education. Certain personages have reportedly detected this walking enigma rifling the privy effects and appurtenances of a locker proximate to D.K.'s and the Woodland Beast's. On remote occasions this seeming poltergeist has been sighted from the

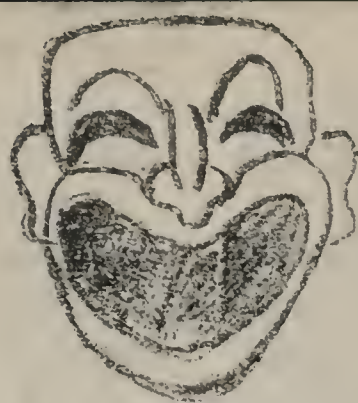
cloister (though reports are as yet unconfirmed and subject to doubt) vertically transversing the stairs perpendicular to the sacristy. His mien definitely betrays compelling leadership qualities which pierce his near-inscrutable aura, 23% of which emanates from the Black Watch cigar, an inseparable feature of this apparition. This evoked in every instance an almost irrepressible urge to follow. It is even rumored (non sine verificatione) that this semi-phantom often ambulates in the company of a semi-phasma. Who the hell is he?

A querying 5th year and

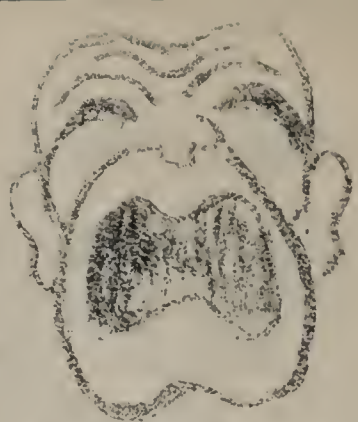
A nonplussed 6th year.

Dear Querying and Nonplussed,

Please try to understand that some people are naturally introverted and uncomfortable in strange company. For further information about the individual you describe, inquire at the Missing Persons Bureau at Washington, D.C. under "Waaps," or at the Columbus, Ohio branch of the Hell's Angels, or call the St. Joe Department of Bell ringing.



MEET OUR NEW Directors



If somebody was to ask any Mongie what one little day of this past summer will have the most effect on the present-day Mongies and those who will follow in the next few years, he would almost undoubtedly answer, "The change in directors."

On July 22, after six years as the Xavier director, Fr. James McKay handed the reins over to Fr. Joseph Hanish. Fr. McKay had been granted his wish to become a naval chaplain. On August 10 he left St. Joe for his assignment at a training school for chaplains. His present address is:

Rev. James McKay, C.P.P.S.
c/o Naval Command
Chaplain School
Newport, R.I. 02844

The sixth years and the novices at St. Mary's would like to take this opportunity to express our gratitude to Fr. McKay for giving us the chance to accept more responsibility and for his excellent example as the type of man and priest we are striving to become.

Fr. McKay's partner

and assistant director, Fr. Hanish, has remained at St. Joe. He continues his assignment as associate professor of theology plus his new post as hall director of Casper Hall.

Fr. Hanish arrived at Xavier with the knowledge and experience required for the task. He is a graduate of Brunnerdale ('54) and of Xavier Hall. He was ordained in 1963 and served his Tirocinium by studying at Detroit University.

In the fall of 1964 Father was transferred to Carroll High School in Dayton. There he was both a counselor and a religion professor. But the following year Father returned to Detroit where he became the Director of Guidance at St. Anthony's High School.

Father completed his work for a Master's Degree in psychology at the University of Detroit and was awarded his M.A. in 1967. He has also completed class work for an M.A. in theology and hopes to begin his thesis soon.

Now Father Joe is the director of Xavier semi-



Fr. McKay



Fr. Hanish

narians. Due to his dealings with high school juniors and seniors, Father rightly feels that he has a very good idea of what such teen-agers should develop into. In other words Father knows what we should be and he is aware of what we should be becoming.

One of Father's goals is a variety in our liturgy. Through different times for Masses and various types of Masses Father expects our liturgy to become more meaningful to us. To initiate this program Father has a chart of

each seminarian's schedule so that he can see when each is free. Finding suitable times can be difficult due to the varying study and work schedules of Mongies.

Father has recently distributed a book of guidelines to us. One important point he expects of every one of us is a basic sense of honesty. Father has pledged to be honest with us and he expects us to be honest and open with him.

The most important attitude in a seminarian is his attitude toward others
cont. on p. 47



Fr. O'Dell



Fr. Fitzgerald

Class Elections :

On September 2nd, well after the bizzare ravages of freshmen initiation had subsided, the Xavier Hall student body assembled in their subterranean recreation room to choose a student prince. The function of this democratically appointed officer, is to act as mediator between authority, (Director of Seminars) and the proletariat; he also assumes a secondary position of authority among the students. The man appropriately selected for this post was Dave Kaiser, a sophomore from Fort Recovery, Ohio.

Immediately after this caucus, the sophomores elected their class offi-

ers, which consist quite simply of, president and vice-president. Alan Hartway, from Matteson, Ill. was elected president and Gene Zondlo, from Rib Lake, Wisc., became vice-president. The freshmen, choosing at this time to wait until they became better acquainted with one another, in their new environment, assembled for class elections on September 9th. With minimal debate or delay Roger Falter, a Brunnerdale graduate from Lima, Ohio was elected class president and Rick Coerver, a Precious Blood graduate from St. Louis, Mo., was voted vice-president.

by Gary Gettman

"Hog" Hall of Fame:

Br. Louis Stork

Fr. Dick

Br. Mont Ruess

Br. Nordent

Bro. Charlie Metzger

God

Thiel

Shiml

Bro. Thomas

Dave Kroger

AM. Lima

RED WELLMAN

Bro. Robert Phillip Sherman

Bushman

Fr. Nick Winner



AL HARTWAY AND GENE ZONDLO



DAVE KAISER



ROGER FALTER AND HARRISON COERVER

FRED'S DIVE

On Sunday the seventh of July, a warm midsummer's day, Fred Hofstetter called to a classmate to watch his dive from the highest cliff on the northwest corner of the pitts. As Fred began, he lost his footing, his dive fell short, and he landed in about two feet of water. Bill Lessard, who was standing below in the water, rushed to him, pulled him up to the shore line trying to move him as little as possible. Fred was injured--how bad we couldn't tell--with the help of a number of guys who were swimming at the time he was taken to an ambulance, then to Jasper County Hospital. After X-rays he was quickly transferred to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Lafayette where he was diagnosed as suffering a compact between the 3rd and 4th vertebrae.

All of the night the hall was anxious for news about Fred. Fr. O'Dell who accompanied Fred to Lafayette, put a note on the bulletin board that stated Fred was in very critical condition, yet

there was a chance for recovery. As the news came back each day his condition bettered. His recovery came over a seven week period after much hard exercise on Fred's part, six weeks in traction, and three daily hours of workout with a specialist.

Daily trips were made to see Fred during his stay at the hospital; a day when there was a free afternoon two carloads would go down. You could always tell Fred's room; he would be shouting how to administrate the hospital and how to turn the famous circular bed he was in. No visit was complete without this demonstration. Fred was always full of spirit when guys came down, laughing and constantly talking from his bed amidst the many cards and letters he'd received. At times instead of us cheering him up, he'd cheer us up with his good spirits, insisting that "I'll pull through this all right!"

Fred's now at home resting and getting back in the fine shape he was
cont on next page



FRED IN CIRCULAR BED

in before his accident. He plans to be back with his classmates at Novi by Christmas time. He's pulled through and he'll

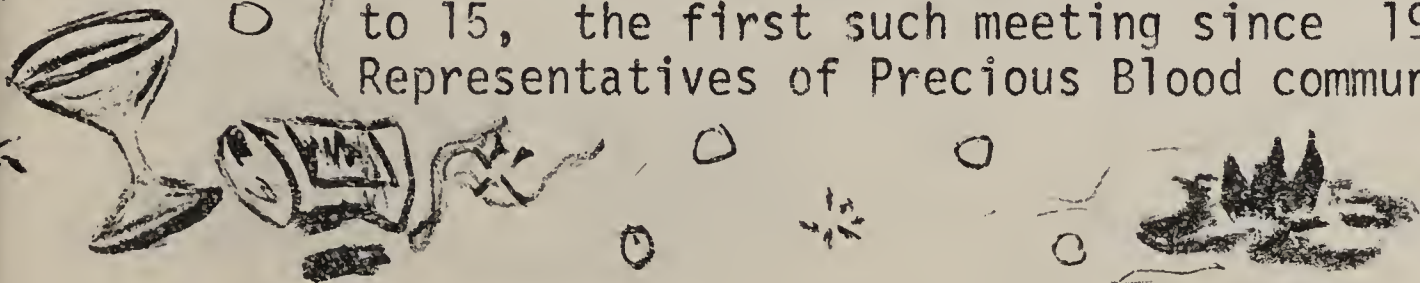
soon be ready to continue his climb up to the highest of cliffs--the priesthood--we're sure he won't slip again.

Rich Richina

FROM THE LOTUS PAD

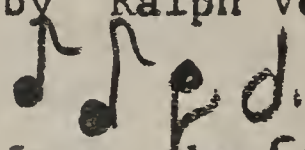
Peace! from the lotus grove which grows in the northeast corner of the sixth-year studyhall on the banks of the river Xavier which pours into the Essjay Sea. We begin the new year having no clue or artifact from our noble predecessor by which we might gauge ourselves. No, not even so much as mouldy manuscripts scrawled on a crumpled tea leaf. Nonetheless, we plod forward on our own to relate the events during and since our dull and uneventful summer.

Summer activities got off to a stimulating start when the third quintennial Precious Blood Study Week was held from June 10 to 15, the first such meeting since 1960. Representatives of Precious Blood communit-

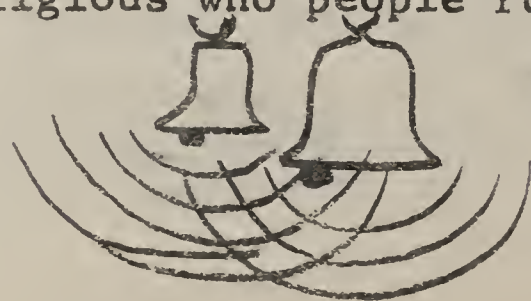




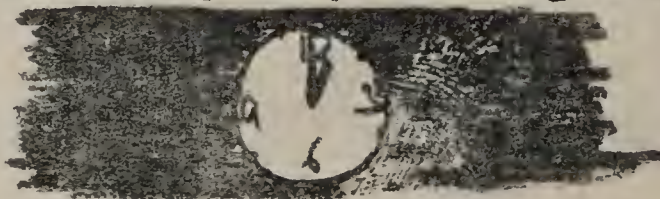
ies across the United States and Canada were present, including the provincials of the three American provinces of the C.P.P.S. and the Provincial superior of the Sisters of the Precious Blood from Dayton, Ohio. The week began with Mass at 8:00 on the evening of the tenth at which Bishop Raymond Gallagher of the Lafayette, Indiana diocese was the main concelebrant. A social hour after mass afforded the delegates a chance to see old friends and to meet new ones. Action continued throughout the week with presentation of several scholarly papers and some stimulating and sometimes rather heated discussions on both the topics presented and spontaneous questions such as the meaning and relevance of the Blood image to the modern world, the role of Precious Blood communities in contemporary social context, and the preaching mission of the priest. A thought-provoking exhibit of religious art, accompanied by a musical artistic happening on Wednesday night comprised one of the most stirring facets of the entire week. Two other encouraging experiments of the week were an underground guitar Mass and and electronic-type Mass by Ralph Verdi C.P.P.S., a seminarian at St. Charles.



While delegates were still leaving from the Study Week's closing banquet, summer school students began arriving from New York State, Ohio, Chicago and even Boston, Massachusetts (how weird - pronounced We-id) for a summer session that would both be intellectual and, more important, involve a social revolution that would make Xavier Hall history. (For more information on this, see Dave Kaiser's article on summer social life.) Together with the local quasimodos who did their best to keep everyone awake with their clandestine carrilonic cacophony (translated, nightly bell-ringing), the weekly hootenannies and dances planned, sponsored and chaperoned by summer social directors Mike "Allen Ginsberg" Craig and Bill "Red Baron" Stechshulte helped fill out the weekends for the high-school Honors students, probationary students and religious who people Pumaville during July and August.



at
18





Smurd

Literally right in the middle of things, June 29 and 30, parents of seminarians and brother postulants migrated St. Joe's for the annual Parents' Weekend activities. After a candlelight dinner at Halleck Center, the annual Talent Show featuring such memorable acts as Pat McBride "magically" showing Jeff "The Leada" Werner eggs-actly what he thinks of Hell's Angels, Fred Hofstetter's musical editorials on pollution and church music, Jim Field, Mike Smith, and Carlos Graupera's version of the "Mule Skinner Blues," and Mike "Golden teeth" Hicks' musical magic.

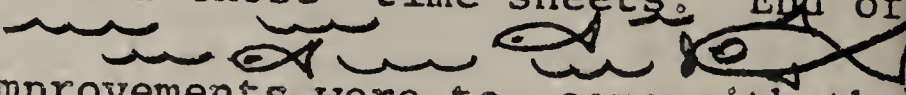
Speaking of music, toward the end of the summer session, Father Lawrence Heiman, C.P.P.S., chairman of the liturgical music program at St. Joe's, celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of ordination with a mass that turned out to be a musical happening. After the mass, a banquet was held which proved well worthy of the event it was chosen to mark. We extend our congratulations once again to Father Heiman, who is now studying in Rome, Italy.

The dust barely had a chance to settle from summer school, when, well bop my teenie, a new wave of high-schoolers invaded the Collegeville quiet for a four-day convention of the Young Christian Students (YCS). Shorts, sweatshirts and peace symbols pervaded the campus atmosphere in a spirit almost predictive of the then-impending Democratic National Convention. It seems almost ironic that the entire YCS convention was held in the style of a mock political convention.



Inhabitants of Xavier got a preview of coming improvements in the hall upon their return from vacation. Twisted pipes occupied the space where the nostalgic old bulky aquamarine water cooler once stood so proudly (leaky, but proudly). Answer to question "Why?" heard on many fronts, came soon with the appearance of the sleek new ice-house brown water fountain. (Other descriptions of the color will not do for a family publication.) This luxury item gurgles water, clear and cool, to a height of four inches, and does not leak. Ah, yes! That gurgle sounds like the voice of progress in the hall.

> U.S. tire manufacturers would like to thank the B.P.'s for 19 their patronage!

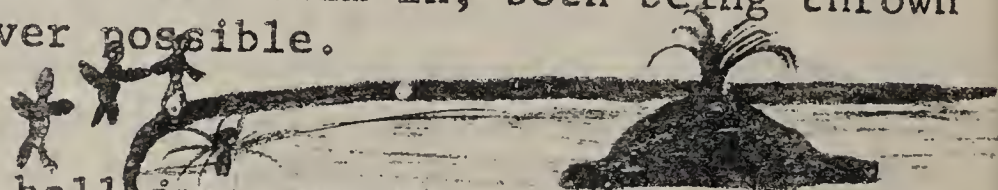
A commercial message-- Gentle troops, let us not make I.D. fish around for those time sheets. End of commercial message. 

More improvements were to come with the purchasing of a hall car. This automobile, a 1963 Pontiac Catalina, comes equipped with a big Eight, power steering, power brakes and other optional "goodies" unavailable on cars like the Blue Streak and Green Dragon which were used by Xavierites during the summer.



These options, the best modern technology and scientific prowess can offer, include such basic items as seat covers, aligned rear-view mirrors, and upholstery on the ceiling. Luxury extras are also included, such as a latch instead of a lock chain on the hood, hub-caps, and even a steering wheel. Yes, indeed, "The times, they are a changin'."

A most interesting development in St. Joe's history came on September 6 when for the first time ever members of both classes in Xavier and Christopher Halls joined in on the pond-throwing free for all which closes the college initiation ceremonies. Glen Brandel was the first uncautious member of the Xavier community to "take a dive," quickly followed by his courageous but not too successful avengers Greg Lukas and Dave Kaiser. By the time this reporter got there, Mike Hoar (Xavier's only), having joined the ranks of the amphibious, had time only to give me a soggy salutation before I was spotted and saturated. After that, almost all of us joined the swim-in, both being thrown and throwing wherever possible.



Aside from the hall improvements mentioned earlier, the one major action of the Hanish-Fitzgerald administration is the publication of the "Guidelines for Xavier Hall," known in pre-Vatican II days as a rule book. However, unlike rule books of pre-conciliar seminaries (As it will be remembered, Father McKay, direct predecessor of Father Hanish, operated without any guidebook, but with his frequent, well-defined "general letters.") the "Guidelines" are based on a Merriam-Webster says: guidelines are defined as (20) rules!

tone of charity, justice and co-operation. A few quotes from the introduction will give a good idea of the tone which pervades the "Guidelines." I will quote the second paragraph of the first page and the first paragraph on the second page:

... Rules and regulations are necessary for the maintenance of orderly community life in any society. But the following rules which govern the outward life of those in formation, are not ends in themselves, but above all a means of developing character and strength of character. They also provide an opportunity to teach the sacrificing of one's will for the sake of others.

... A slavish observance of the rules is not the ideal. A mature person ought to be able to decide whether a disciplinary rule should yield to a higher Christian value. (from the fourth paragraph first page)

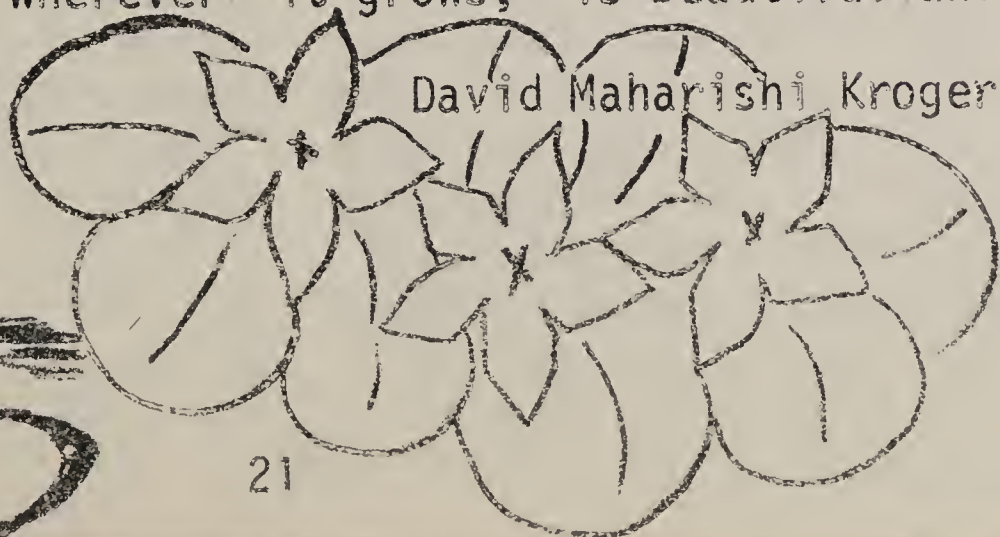
... Everyone in formation will not agree entirely with each and every rule. There is necessarily some difference of approach in disciplinary matters. Should a particular rule prove a real burden in an individual case, honest discussion with the Director or the Assistant Director, rather than a furtive violation of the rule, is the course to be taken. The attitudes that should prevail and predominate in the seminarian's life are concern, justice, and responsibility. It is with this in mind that the following are presented.

... The most basic guidelines are the commandments of God and of the Church... (from the first guideline)

May you find peace of mind and spirit in your every moment. Just remember what Yogi Kapila, founder of the Sankhya system of philosophy, once said:

"The lotus, wherever it grows, is beautiful and pure."

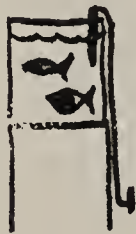
David Maharishi Kroger



Ode

to Novi Guys

Xavier hall no longer rings from the sharp sounds of trite arguments about whose tongue exceeds what. The smell of incense, of small aquariums, and of oil and house paint tingle our nostrils only through vague memories. Once caty colors have now become drab and monotonous without the sweet addition of boar bubbles shining like dis-



Scorch

colored fangs. Sweet melodic music ebbs into reminiscence of the "X" and the enchantment of the Stecky - Craig concerts. Tears fall as pearly rocks and scorch my bulging eye balls just as one ponders them. Then too we'll never forget the fat men; the new modern trend. Some called them sows as they smurked in the despicable but ethnic group fashion. Yet their good cheer

filled those simple winter days; days of dirty but pleasant halls. With their mini-hearts they left us breathless in the Big Dad-dy image of theirs.

We will never forget the outstanding personalities of this bygone class. The top "Cyrano-ses" and their inner glow beakoned us to sweet brotherly love. Even our pet animals hold the grass on which they walked as sacred and prevent its plurdatation by their loathsome piles. Our warm memories shall not be scroded by the joy boys of the new fifth year class. Wiser, but a little balder, they have ron on. We shall never overlook their jowly yet serious pursuits. We shall never overlook their bonnie smiles as they hoy-(ing)sted up the last of their precious valuables in the fiftieth and (sob) final truck load. We wish them the best and hope to hear from them in that blissful and reportedly aromatic (but fradhustead) like, paradise called Mercer.

Virgil Keller

Summer School

a change of pace

Did you hear about so and so? Guess what A did last night? Do you know what I heard about Y? Where do you think W and Z went last night?

These are only a few samples of rumors used for gossip over the past four months. I suppose gossip is only a typical reaction to the co-ed situation on campus.

Let's start at the beginning. During the first few days of June the mongies were looking forward to a nice, quiet, peaceful hot summer of manual labor swimming, recreation, and some studying after a long trying, brainwracking semester of college work. Alas, much to their dismay (or whatever you want to call it) in the middle of June about 200 nuns, 30 probationary students, and 30 co-eds invaded the campus. Now it didn't take the mongies long to get used to the nuns because they (some more than others) had mingled with nuns during the previous school year. Similarly the probationary students weren't hard to accept after living with Pumas for one or two years. However, the

arrival of 30 co-eds was somewhat of a different experience for the mongies (or any S.J.C. Puma for that matter).

In the course of several days a natural relationship sprang up between most students on campus. When any group of teens get together social events naturally follow. There were many pond parties (voluntary and involuntary), fireworks displays around July 4th, ping-pong games, Birthday parties, hootenannys, down-to-earth bull sessions. The alienation groups even sponsored several dances. (Prepare yourself for the shock!!!) Several mongies "just happened" to drop by Halleck Center at the time of the first dance and noticed how scarce the male population was. As a result they talked themselves into staying to the end. During the week that followed none of the participants had to face a firing squad so each dance thereafter found an increase in the number of boys present. I might add here that several unofficial surveys were taken

cont. on p. 26



S U M M E R R E F L E C T I O N S

This summer was a time of beauty, laughter, and love.
A time to listen to the chimes of chapel bells above...
A time to watch the sun rise so early in the day;
And think of things beyond the rise--and joys of
yesterday...

A time for silly things and simply being gay:
Like climbing tops of buildings throwing sparklers away...
A time for candle burning and singing songs of peace...
And some time for learning though those times were short
(to say the least).

A time for talking with a friend who knew just what to say;
If I was walking lonesomely around a corner bend he'd stop
and spend some moments and brighten up my day.
These were times to share the happiness and maybe shed
some tears
With the wonderfulest people I'll meet in many years!

Karen-girl

cont. from p. 23
during the summer. The Waap survey indicated that the co-eds preferred being with the mongies 9 to 1 (pretty good odds). Some of the reasons were: they were gentlemen, didn't act like drunken animals, weren't vulgar, were friendly, had a goal in life, and above all "you could trust them." Another unofficial "wierd" survey indicated that 94.3 percent of the mongies enjoyed their summer. The serious part is coming up now.

How do you evaluate the past summer and come up with a positive outlook toward the future? I personally feel that we must evaluate it in the light of future vocations to the priesthood. From all external signs so far, it appears that this summer's activities didn't seriously harm anyone's vocation since only one of the fifty-one mongies here this summer has quit. The near future may tell a different tale, but in some cases mongies now have a stronger conviction of their vocation.

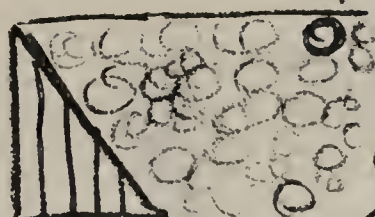
Another possibility (and a very important one) we must consider is scandal. I have heard many

people ask questions like, "What's this I hear about co-eds coming into Xavier Hall?" I can think of two incidents this summer when this actually happened. Once a co-ed came into the hall to talk to our director and another time one entered our T.V. room dressed like a hippie, apparently escorted there by one of our number after giving a demonstration in class. I must admit this didn't look too good, but I'm sure it was nothing to get excited about. Our relationship with co-eds should definitely be such that it will not start a scandal or harm the reputation of anyone else in the hall.

Now that the ice is broken and S.J.C. is a co-educational college, what should our attitude toward co-eds be? We could set up a policy prohibiting us from even talking to a secular student as was the case not too many years ago. Let's face it, a priest can't function effectively in the modern world by being removed from reality during his training years.

It's not practical to make definite rules but it is safe to say that each

cont. on p. 43



Mongie
Go to hell

Peanuts
Popcorn
etc.

Dennis Myers & Jim Seibert

$$* \# \zeta * ? \zeta \# + ? ? ? + = * + \# + ? \# * * ? + \zeta ? + \#$$

Vic Matt:

as we
knew him
best—

Z Z z z z z



Apostolic Action Initiated

— GETTING STARTED —

This past summer saw a group of seminarians involved in the lives of Mexican-American laborers in the area. The community was located in Medaryville, site of the Gehring farm where 35 families from Texas come to Indiana for work.

The director of Xavier Hall, then the Rev. James McKay, allowed for further investigation of the suggestion raised by the seminarians for apostolic work. We contacted Fr. Melvin, the pastor of Medaryville, Mr. Gehring, and the foreman of the camp, Mr. Joe Cortez. All of them were very cooperative. Then we made our effort to visit, talk and "play ball" with the people. The main interest of the seminarians for the moment was the kids--cat-instruction and recreating with them.

In the beginning, we had a very vague idea of our objectives and how to go about them--since we had so little experience. But we wanted to be with them and to be available, whatever their needs.

— AIMS —

There was no problem

being accepted by the people--a very friendly and warm people. We approached them with hopes of becoming their friends, not so much "giving" (whatever that is) but we accepted their efforts to be hospitable and kind to us. We got to like the people we met for themselves and we hope vice-versa. We also hope to keep these friendships we value so much--it's not part of our apostolic "work"--it's just part of our living with people in community -- the greater community of all men.

These friends of ours --so very misunderstood--are hard working, honest people, living a way of life different from ours. (So that makes it not so good?) But somehow they seem just a bit happier...

— MASS —

In past years Fr. Roof has offered Mass at the camp. This year it was late getting started, but we attended their first Sunday Mass of the summer the very week our program got under way. Some of us attended Mass there in the packing house every Sunday from then on. Fr. Roof

said an English Mass with English propers, yet the people participated fairly well. They sang several Spanish songs, though, and soon one of them was lector, saying the epistle and Gospel in Spanish. About forty-five or fifty people usually attended, but in accord with older habits, surprisingly few received Communion. Some have told us, though, that attendance this year was better than ever.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

After we got a decent start with the little ones we approached what teenagers we met and found out what they thought about a hootenanny. As it turned out we had two hootenannies around bonfires, followed by a hayride. Dave Kroger and Bill Lessard brought their guitars and the response was encouraging, as the kids made some effort to learn the simpler songs. Everyone plainly enjoyed the hayride, piled into the back of the army truck. But nothing went over like the dance we finally arranged. THA, a group in the 5th year class, agreed to play for it free, and they did a very good job. Some of the kids from the village where we work invited

friends from Medaryville and Francesville; altogether we had a good turnout.

CLASSES

In the summer we had enough time to go to the camp two or three times each week: Sunday for Mass and classes, Wednesday for classes and recreation, and Saturday for some kind of event for the older kids. On our first visits we had to make contact with the kids. We wore cassocks, and showed cartoon filmstrips until the time came for baseball. At the next few visits it didn't take long to recognize the challenge in trying to teach religion to some very active youngsters with no great desire to do anything but play baseball. For one thing having class outdoors was rarely successful; neither were indoor classes, until we got chairs. Most of the children speak very good English but sometimes the language difference created problems, especially for shy ones. Example: "Who is God?" After a pause -- "God is Dios." Not to be thrown, the teacher used his newly acquired Spanish -- "Who is Dios?" After another pause, a smile and; "Dios is God." Consequently not

many classes achieved definite successes. The ten children in the First Communion Class, though, had a goal important to them. We taught them no more than the basic facts, postponing even Confession. After four classes they received their First Communion on Sunday, Sept. 8, in the packing house chapel. It was a proud day for the people there and for us -- if our inexperience could not achieve much, it certainly achieved something in this.

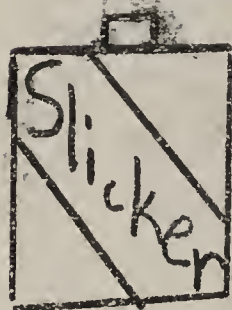
WHAT'S AHEAD

Now since school has started we don't have the time to go there as often but we still plan to keep up instruction until most of them leave, and one more social event might fit in nicely. CCD will be unorganized yet this fall but next spring,

when they return, we'll start out by visiting the parents and we'll follow a catechism series to furnish class material. Since many teenagers quit school early to work we would like to investigate their chances of completing their high school education through correspondence courses or by any means of getting a diploma.

We cannot point to very tangible success for this year's activity, but we actually accomplished quite a bit. We helped them; we brought some happiness to their lives; and strangely enough they brought a lot of happiness to ours. A little bit of concern created many friends, and accomplished as much good for us as for them.

Carlos Graupera
Dave Monastyrski



Xavier Hall sends warmest regards to Schiek's Bar and Tavern in the golden state of Wisconsin. Now no one is left to carry on the slicker hair style. Seriously, Jerry, we miss ya and wish you the very best of luck in the future.



"Land of Sky Blue Water" 30

Classical Gas

or Feicht's Flatulence

I thought that this year would be better than last, but it isn't. Our new imperialistic, emperor-imaged editor, Dr. Ruby Nett, is just as hostile as old Pete when it came time to have the articles in. In keeping with the recently inaugurated tradition of this column being turned in late, I have decided to hold it an extra five days.

I now want to welcome my new co-writer, Harrison F. Coerver, Jr. Here in Xavier he is called Rick. However, some other halls on campus have other names for the boy.

Also notice our new name for the column. We decided that a change was needed since Mike Smith is no longer on the staff. Why should we use a name that best fits last year's head writer? Sorry Smurd-sow!

Now down to our slicing business. This was certainly an interesting and MOST pleasant summer. I know that a few novices and a lot of sixth years will readily agree. Before I got into the groove of the Halleck Center Happenings, I attended one and only one of Bod Woolson's

"booze and pot" parties. When I found out about it I was all set to really let it all hang out, but after one look around I caught on to the gimmick and left. The "booze" was actually Double Cola and the "pot" was what Bert called the can he passed around to get enough money to pay his enormous "X" bill.

Mike Craig and Smurd took part in the Yippie Convention in Chitown. When they arrived, the Yippies wanted to nominate Smurd for President. The domesticated police force of the steam-rolling Democratic Party Boss broke things up, arrested Smurd and saved the country.

The novices are adjusting to life at novl very quickly. They have all taken up some sort of hobby to keep them sane. Dirty Jerry Hall is working on his plans for the forced renovation of the Collegeville Chapel. Keep up the work, Jerry. Many of our new fifth years are ready to start now. Still you must remain prudent, Jerry. Steal only the brightest colors of paint you can buy. Scorch and Rocky are breeding fishes

wouldn't do that because you're not from Chicago.



Z Gary Elliott really did a good job while he was Lid for a week. I do not know about El, but the rest of the hall sure enjoyed the extra rest. It must be that working on the lawn gang with Bedford that tires him out. Bedford always looks so tired I guess El just had to work and make up for lost time. Speaking of lost time, let's hear it for the Janitorial! Don't strain your tonsils.

The Xavier Hall Athletic Commission (XHAC) has once again ruled on the annual Father-Son Softball Game. The Commission contends that the victory be awarded to the sons. This decision is due to the fact that the fathers used too much brute force. It was also mentioned that Mr. Oscar Kro-

ger would receive the sportsmanship award for excessively good behavior on the playing field.

POOF

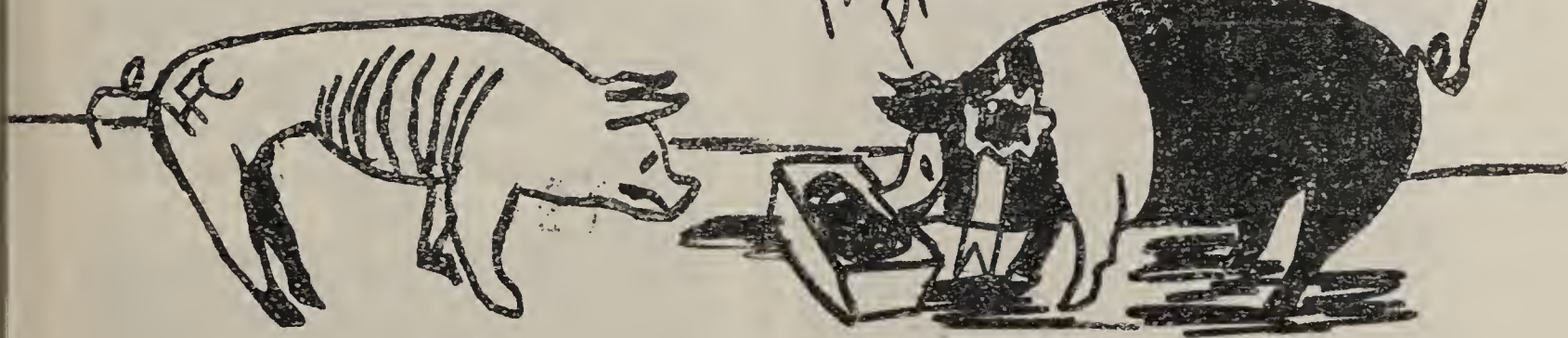
Gene Zondlo is thinking of patenting a new game. He calls it "NOW YOU SEE ME--NOW YOU DON'T." He tells about it during the electric shop's strow beery breaks.



That about wraps it up for this issue. So remember that the PULSE is continually doing its duty to add to air polution by passing CLASSICAL GAS and Other Delites to every nook, cranny and corner of this continent. To such famous places as Cleveland, Detroit, Baltimore, and last and most least, Mercer County, Ohio. And to such unheard of places as Manteca, Winamac, See-konk, Mass., Palos Hts., and Fort Wayne.

Ed Feicht
Rick Coerver

1st prize



THA

POWER

The Fall has not only brought brisk winds, "Jack-Frost" and browned leaves to St. Joe College but also THA. THA, a word that seems rather odd when first heard, is somewhat of a collective noun which is actually a verbal and written condensation of 6 (at present) distinct personalities whose musical tastes and abilities converge. THA is a music band which has its origins in the hallowed nooks and crannies of Brunnerdale Seminary. Their style is characterized not only by individual musical talent but also by an almost infinite degree of feeling, determination, and joy.

THA's message is one of vibrance and intensity of feeling. They sing of life with its joys and sorrows, its love and hate, its frustrations and ecstasies, its dirt and its crud, its women and its people. Their music flows not only from their amplifiers and instruments but from their minds, their souls (THA's soul) and their bodies. THA's repertoire induces everything from underground to soul. Their style is

unique, original, and appealing.

THA movement began in the Fall of 1964 when the group was comprised of John Graboski, Rodney Jackson and David Dornseif. They pounded on the most delapidated of instruments. At Christmas of the same year Dick Field joined, but soon left. Progress was slowly made amidst shouts of mockery. The following year (65) marked the addition of John Haller as vocalist. John is now a secular student on campus. At Christmas of the same year Michael Vanderhorst joined the band as bass player. Things went well until October of 1966 when John Haller was asked to leave the group. That same month Joseph Hemm was admitted as a guitar, piano, and alternate bass player. The switch was a good one and the sound became better than ever. In the spring of 1967, THA won the Amateur Hour at Brunnerdale. In early Fall of 1967, Mike Vanderhorst left and Dick Field was reinstated as bass player. He also alternates on trumpet. The year of 1968 was great. When THA arrived on campus

Soul

POWER



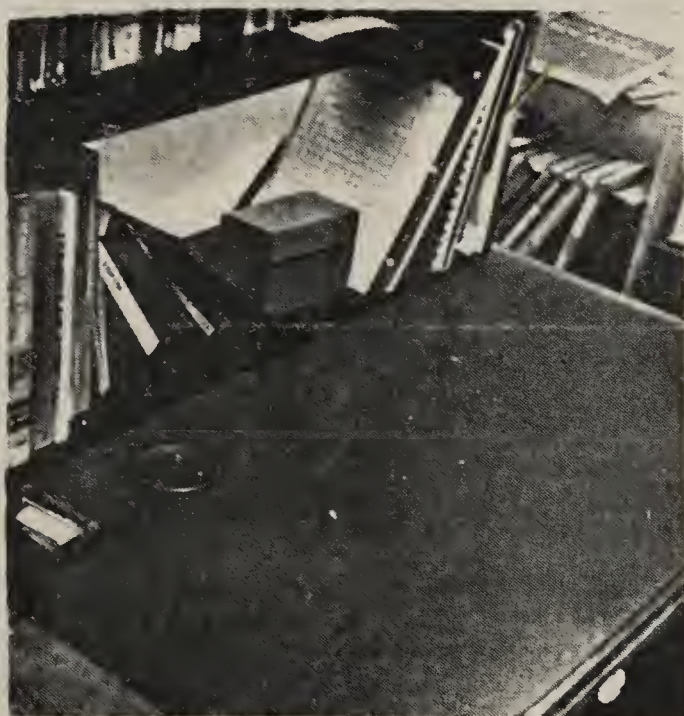
John Wanner (sax) and Gary Elliott (trumpet) joined and THA's sound was fantastic. On September 17, Gary left the group and the school. The group is now in search of a new trumpet player who can at least come close to Mr. Elliott's ability. THA has

quite a few engagements lined up and exists only to keep the "good" music alive. The future is unpredictable but the faith and hope are strong.

THA is power, THA is soul, THA is love, THA is life, THA is WILD!!!



CARLOS' DESK
mr. organization



VATICAN II RENEWAL
granie's desk

BY

BILL LESSARD

FOOTBALL

Xavier Hall is looking forward to another successful IM year. To be as successful as last year's champs will be difficult, but the Mongie spirit will make the Mongies a formidable foe.

The first IM champion has already been decided. The IM tug-of-war snuck up on the secular students who were nursing colds from initiation. As a result, 5 Xavier teams and 1 Schwieterman team battled for the championship. The Mongies and Super-Mongies easily advanced to the finals. A strong and heavy Super-Mongie team defeated the game but light Mongies in an exciting tug. The Xavier Mongie team consisted of Kaiser, Feicht, Hubeny, Lengerich, Elliott, Mescher, Bohman, Wuebker, Dumminger, and Link.

There seems to be a lack of interest in IM's this year among the whole school. Not nearly as many teams have entered the touch football league. Maybe if the co-eds entered a team some interest

would be generated on the field of honor instead of other dubious places.

The Xavier Mongies, Lessard, Feicht, Kaiser, Seibert, Ploetz, Kenney, Wuebker, Hubeny, Bohman, Winner, Stang, Richina, and Mescher are out to defend their touch-football championship. They must hold off the hungry Super-Mongies. But as usual the Mongies better watch the dangerous Noll teams.

The Xavier Mongies lack experience. Dave Kaiser and Ed Feicht are the only returnees from the first and second teams which last year lost a total of 1 game. Jim Seibert a 5th year from B-dale will direct the team as quarterback. He'll be throwing from behind a lot of protection in the person of Ed Feicht. The line of George Mescher, Mike Wuebker, Bill Lessard, Dave Kaiser, and Steve Ploetz offers five good blockers and sure-handed pass receivers. The effective 1-3-3 defense used last year may have to be revised slightly but not



XAVIER "DARTIES" Capt. Bill Cassano



XAVIER "YIPPIES" Capt. Rich Paglia



XAVIER "I.D.'S" Capt. John Rietschlin

drastically change the
fearsome three
Frank Hubeny, Tom
and Dean Winner, and
in their own right
rest of the defense
field is made up of
but quick men like
Richina, Bill St. John,
Dave Kenney, and
some from the office
see a lot of action
ways.

The Xavier
named after the famous
ganization which
riot and panic among
Chicago police, has
least cause panic
IM league. Leaders
wer, Paglia, and
the Yippies who
boast a pretty
fensive line.

+

Two freshmen, Roger Falter and Gary Gettman, are playing for the frosh football team. They don't look first-string yet but they will add depth.

OLD
RAG

After the first night of initiation was through all the fifth years were retiring to catch a few Z's. After being in the dorm a half-hour the sixth years leaped out of bed, swinging pillows, repturing the silence in the dorm and a few unfortunate fifth years.

38

Student Union: ?

should we join ?

The subject of joining the Student Union has been an important issue this year, partly because of the "liberal" movement in Xavier Hall urges us to become an active part of the St. Joseph's College community. The question in everyone's mind right now is: What advantage would come to the hall, if we were to join?

According to Jim Stoup, Student Association president, we already enjoy most of the activities sponsored by the Student Union. These include all concerts, lectures, movies, the Little 500, the band and drill teams, bus trips for football and basketball games, and a new project, the Coffee House. About the only projects we don't take advantage of are the various dances, which only account for 5-8 percent of the total budget. Each concert costs the Student Union several thousand dollars, and the receipts taken in never equal the cost of hiring the group.

One of the main objections raised against joining the Student Union was that we in Xavier Hall would possibly lose some of our privileges as seminarians, such as having guns and using the gravel pits in the summer. This has no basis in fact. The secular students are now allowed to have guns, provided that they are properly registered. The privilege of using the pits was made in a special deal between the college and the gravel company. The whole matter is entirely out of the realm of the Student Union. In fact, the Student Union has nothing to do with the area of discipline in the college. Thus, there would be no fear of losing the privileges we now have with our own director.

What would be the advantages of joining the Student Union? One reason is that it could greatly help public relations. WE would be able to have a voice in the Senate, and all its decisions, run for office in the Student Union, and serve on its various committees (if one so desires...)

A very important reason in favor of joining is that by doing so, we would be "equal" to all the other students on this campus. In the past, the Mongies

have been slighted on several occasions. Entering the Student Union could very well help to bring an end to this. No doubt our sports effort could be largely advanced through this.

Last week, the Supermongies voted almost unanimously to join. One of their main reasons was that they felt they had an obligation in justice to help support the Student Union's activities, since they take advantage of so many of them already. A 50% reduction in dues has been guaranteed for all seminar-ians. Thus, dues for this semester would be \$7.50. Because of a raise in the dues, \$10.00 would be required for every semester starting in January, 1969. Meetings will soon take place to see if the dues can be paid through the work program. A report on this will appear in the next issue of the Pulse.

These are the facts as they stand. Each student must weigh them carefully and decide for himself what he thinks would be the best move for the whole hall, so that he can make an informed, intelligent decision, when the occasion to vote arises.

Mark Lorenzo

Mercer County Crew Arrives —

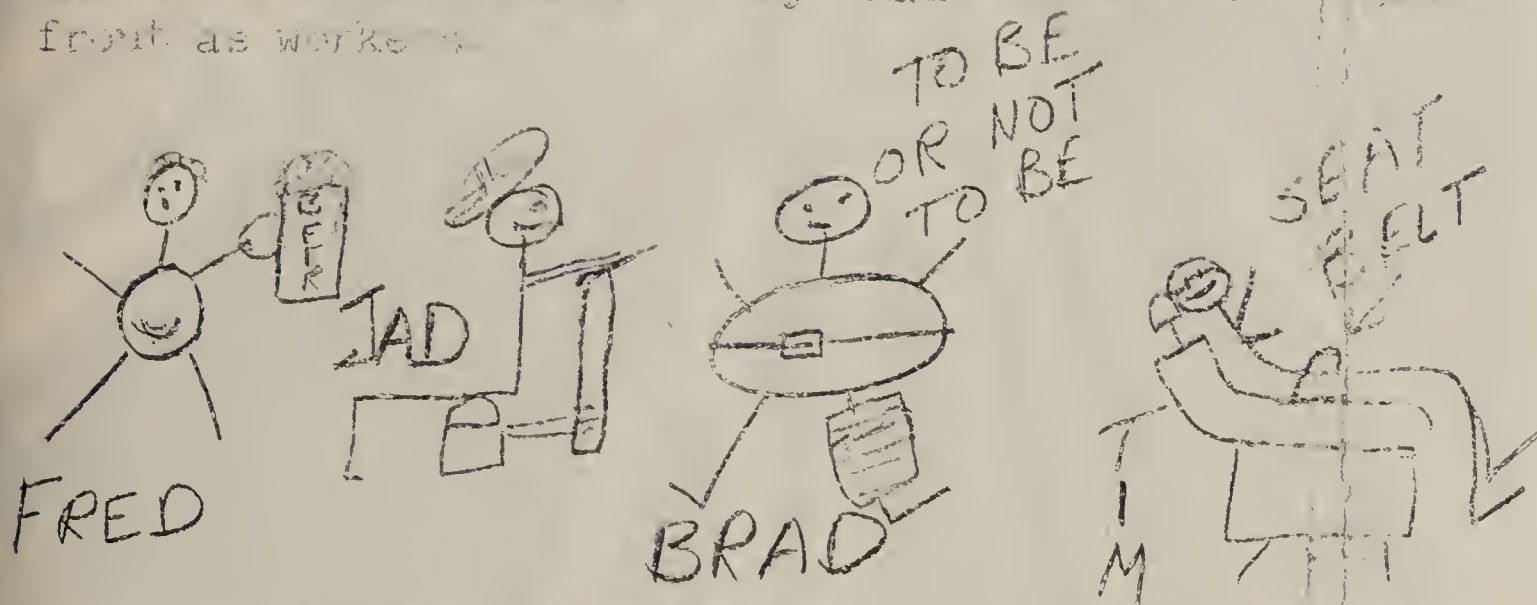
There are reports of a well devised and deviously executed plan to invade the "Faculty Hilton". The onslaught is comparable to the Barbaric invasion of classical Rome. There is, however, one minor difference; history is not at a loss for the names of these shady leaders of chaos and destruction. They like to call themselves Juniors or Supermongies and come in assorted but hackneyed disguises. These guises include overfed congenial fellows (the most popular), strong brutes, unshaven playboys, and sophisticated intellectuals. In order to be best prepared for these villanous vandals, I shall name them and categorize them for easier recognition.

Brad Uhlenhake, Andy O'Reilly, Tom Fossum, and

especially Fred Brinkman fit into the category of over-fed and congenial. Al Ebach, Mike Tierney, Al Rettig, and Bil Kuhlman fit into the strong brute guise; Dan Rogers, Tim Hemm, Craig Cahoon, and Steve Sinkovich fit into the unshaven playboy group. The remaining individuals Ron Wil, John Mencsik, Russ Groblewski, and John Jagdchew use the sophisticated intellectual disguise.

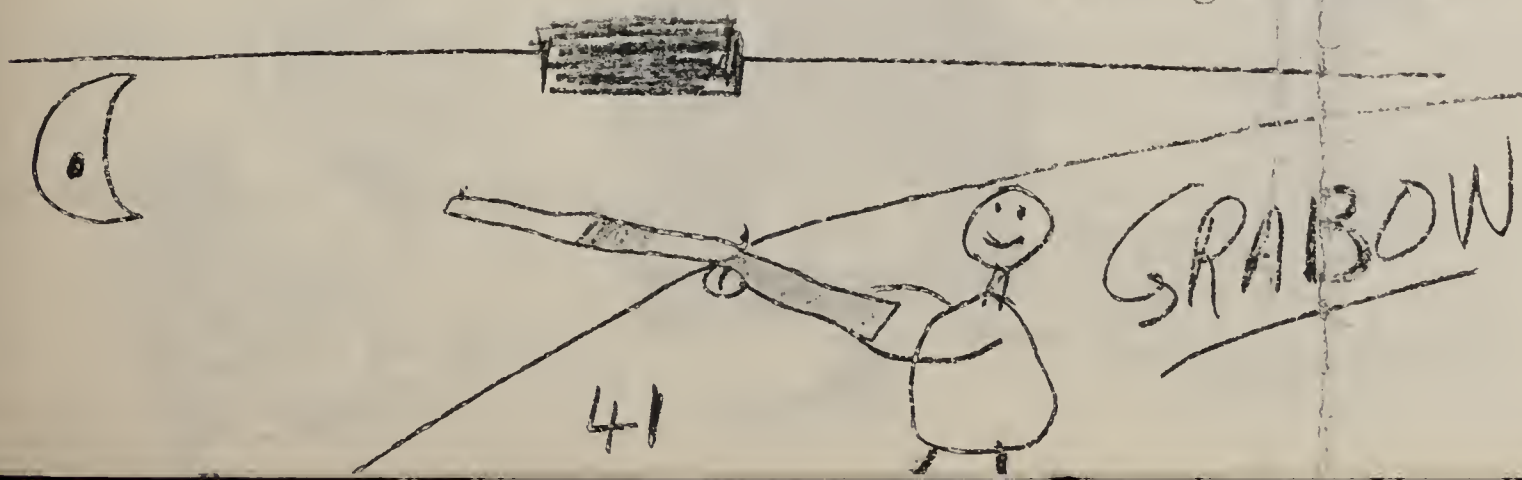
Last summer they put on one of their cleverest guises that of workers. Most of the Juniors got involved in a Citizen Corps project. They used their evening free times so that it would not interfere with their wonderful work program while they were staying for the summer at St. Charles. Their work consisted of tutoring both adults and children, counseling, and surveying. It is estimated that these well disguised persons spent approximately 755 hours on this project.

Shortly after they returned to St. Joseph's College so happy that their long summer vacation had finally ended, they signed up for C. C. D. classes, since they already had obtained a perfect disguise as workers they could hardly waste last summer's exposure to their true mission. They had to continue their front as workers.



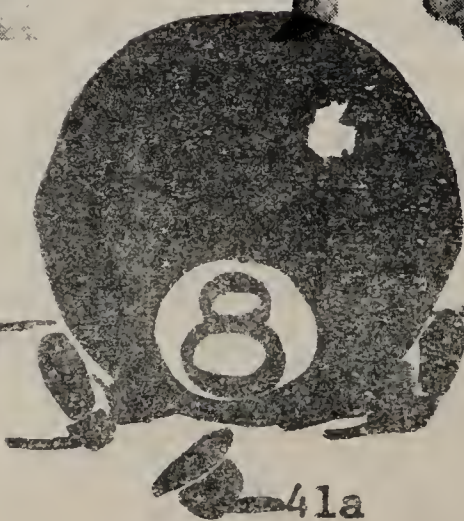
Do not fall victim to their charm and wit. They can and have persuaded those who were both forewarned and forearmed. Forsooth and five, they are alive and deadly! Beware of them at all times.

--Virgil Keller

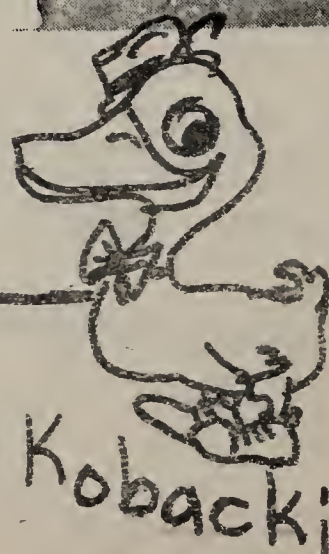




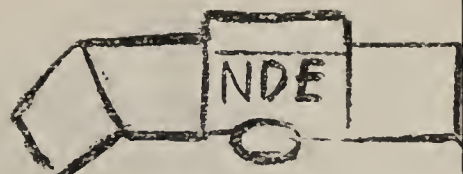
Birdseed



41a



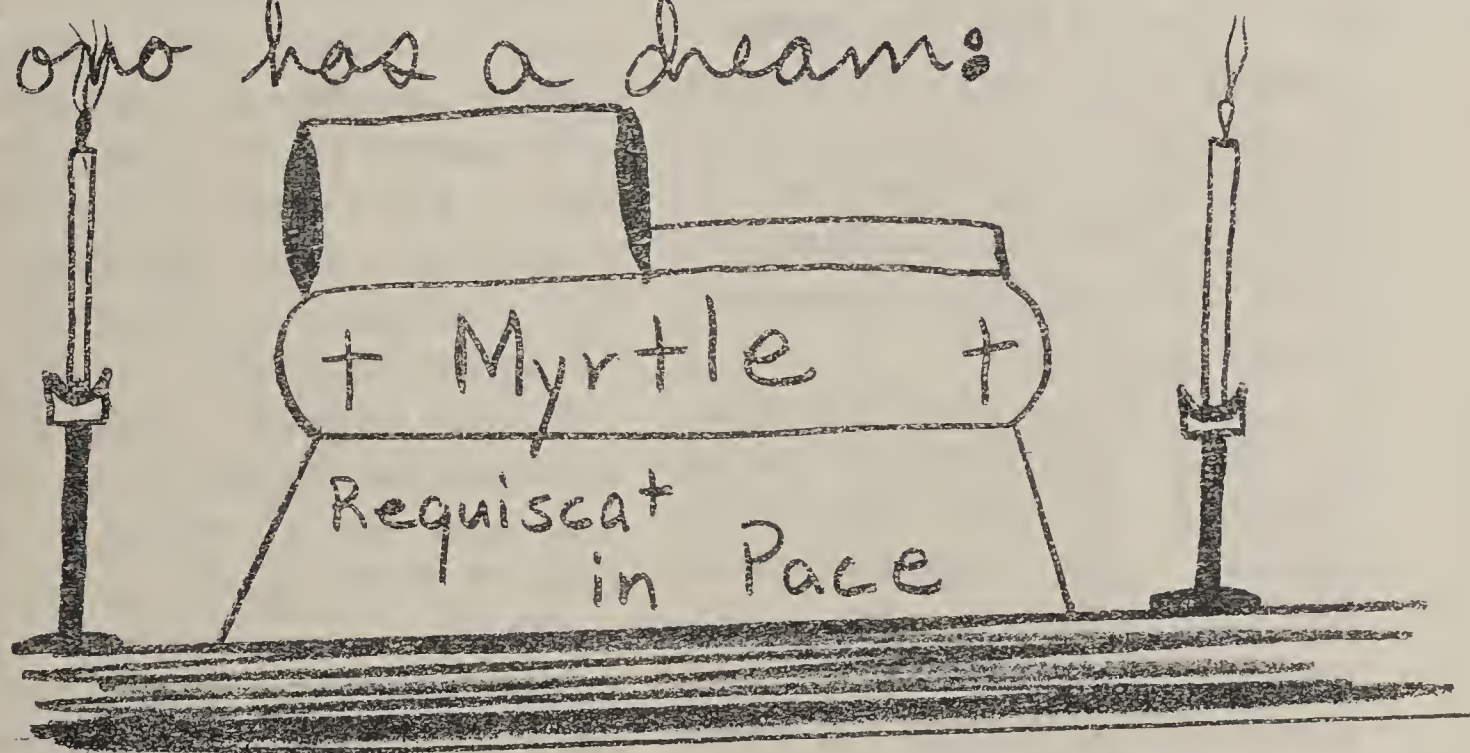
Kobacki



Ech Note -

THE ART IN THIS PULSE DEMONSTRATE
FREEDOM DEGENERATED INTO LICENSE. BU
PERHAPS IF AL CAN GET HIS DIGS IN HERE
HE WON'T DIG ELSEWHERE IN PUBLIC
+ + + + +
IF THERE ARE ANY CO₂ MARKS ON THIS
PAPER, GARY LUIZ WILL EXPLAIN THEM

Momo has a dream:



Write: Pamela Pulse
Box 810 S.J.C.
Rensselaer, Indiana
47978



report

In attempting to maintain the tradition of past years' BP reports I have been scouring the inner channels of my mind hoping to find a few pious platitudes, inspiring poems, or other such wise tidbits. However, in view of what I found, I must conclude that I am just not so brilliantly endowed along these lines and thus I must resort to common wit or even (God forbid) common sense. (Before I continue, Tom Bohman just accused me of being egotistic and told me to mention his name.) Forget it, Tom. I refuse to pervert the goals of religious edification in this column by aiding in your own selfish personal glory seeking.

Devotion to St. Gaspar has been on a rapid upswing during the last weeks in Christopher Hall. (That's in the south end of the Administration building in case Br. Gerard or someone should ask the way.) The reason for the postulants' sudden devotion stems from a personal ardor of the saint himself. Gaspar has been appearing in closets, doorways, and

even beds at all times of the day and night. One particularly moving experience occurred when Gaspar appeared in a Halloween mask holding up a poster of V. P. Hubert Humphrey and a rosary. I wonder what Gaspar could have been trying to tell us.

If you should be overcome by the stench of stale popcorn or slip on a spot of grease as you walk through our basement don't be surprised. You are in the proximity of "Mother Terrence's Bakery." Since Br. Jim's pizza business expanded and moved to a new location the pool room has remained dismally empty. Now, thanks to "Mother", it again buzzes with activity. Nightly, Terrence who prides himself as being the baby (Huey) of the B.P.'s supplies himself and occasionally the rest of the Postulancy with prodigious amounts of popcorn. Confidentially, Terrence has told



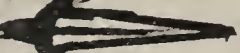
that he has discussed plans with several other music majors in the hall to convert Mother Terrence's into a night club with nightly entertainment by the said music majors. Their repertoire includes an unprecedented performance of T-14 on a 47 manual mouth organ. There may also be a harpsichord. However, it seems that Geo--oops! one of the music majors can't convince his roommate that there is space in their room for the two of them and a harpsichord. How inconsiderate! Of course, one could always lock their roommate out.....

There are rumors flying that Br. Leo has received offers for a vice presidency in charge of finance for Goodyear Rubber Company. Not that the position is undeserved, Brother. The Dayton trip could have been one of their most original money making ideas in years. I wonder if it's true that Brother owns 11⁶/₁₀ stock in Goodyear. Perhaps the college ought to look into the unique money making talents--of course the college doesn't sell tires.....

Well, I seem to have

deviated a bit from the past quality of this article but I have an excuse--I just couldn't obtain a list of all the new brother postulants. Perhaps by next time.....

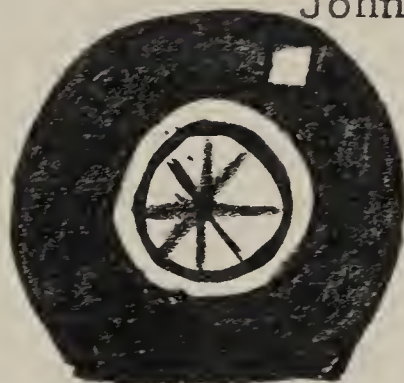
Now as a final word of original wisdom from one of our more illustrious members

PRAYER  TEMPTATION

For you dunces (like me) who can't figure it out, George told me:

PRAYER SLAYS TEMPTATION

John Rietschlin



cont. from p. 26

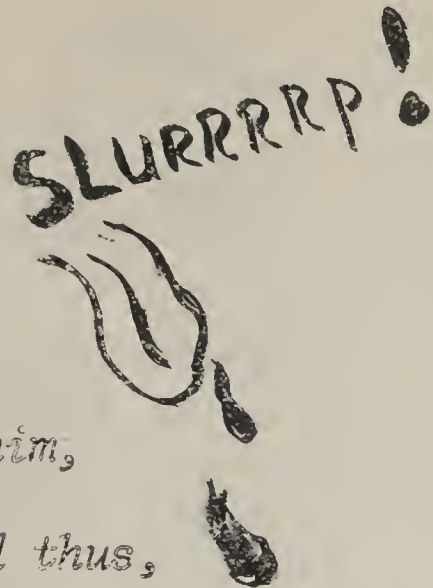
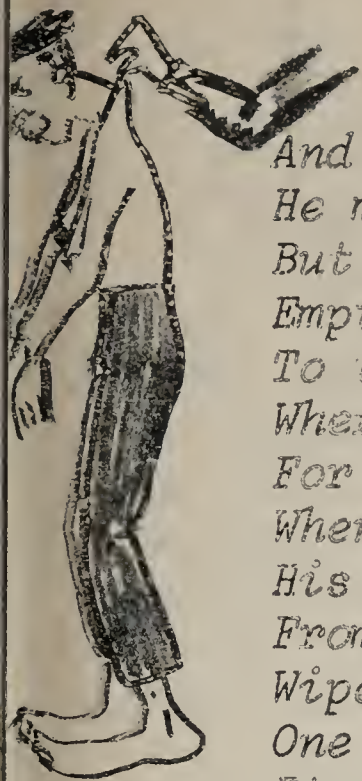
mongie's relationship with co-eds should be such that it will not hinder his ability to think seriously about his vocation in life (whatever it may be). Some may ask: what happens when a seminarian gets so involved that he decides to quit? As long as he thought seriously about it and prayed that it was the right decision there is no harm done. We should be happy for him that he has finally found his real vocation.

Dave Kaiser

TALE of Empty Face



There's an old, old, dusty Indian tale,
Bout a brave named Empty Face,
Cause where his nose bone should have been
There was an empty space.
He was tall and strong and brave and bold,
But as the story goes,
His only imperfection was,
He was born without a nose.
His tribe lived near where Caldwell is,
And there finally came a day,
When the local pesty Indians,
Tormented them away.
The band transversed the rolling hills,
In search of land of bounty,
Their wandering finally brought them to,
What we call Mercer County.
The other red men gagged a bit,
And turned a shallow pink,
But Empty Face, he liked the place,
He couldn't smell the stink.
The tribe was glad to hit the trail.
They needed no inducer.
They left our hero all alone,
To empty face the future.
The brawny brave didn't mind a bit;
The land was green and sunny,
And though he wasn't prejudiced,
The rest, to him, looked funny.
He pitched his teepee by a wee tree,
And planted beans and corn,
He lived just like he wanted to,
And slept till ten each morn.
His happiness was not to last,
For upon him a plague,
Which made most men spill their guts,
And made this strong man gag.
This blight which withered mighty trees,
And grounded soaring birdies,
Was a mass migration,
Of Hoyings and fat Westgerdies.
Empty Face took one good look,



And left this land of plenty,
He may have been without a nose,
But his eyes were twenty-twenty!
Empty Face then traveled west,
To the wastes of Indiana,
Where the pickleheads made fun of him,
For lack of a face banana.
When the beakless brave was treated thus,
His hurt feelings would appear,
From his clout; a rag he'd take out,
Wipe his eyes and blow his ear.
One day a man observed his plight,
It seems he was a soul collector;
The North-Central Jasper County,
Precious Blood Regional Vocation Director.
He said, "My son, we've a place for you,
If you don't mouth off and your credit's good."
"Have you considered, have you viewed,
A place in religious Brotherhood?"
So our hero joined the flock,
Embracing the matchless life of grace,
And on the feast of Saint Idlecock,
Became C.P.P.S. Brother Norbert Face.
And so the Brave was happy again,
He'd found his nook, he had no doubt,
He still could mess around a lot,
But in this crowd he didn't stick out.
One thing marred Brother Norbert's life,
Though he felt he had been well vocationed.
He lived in constant fear and dread,
That in Mercer County he'd be stationed.

by Jimmy Ballmann

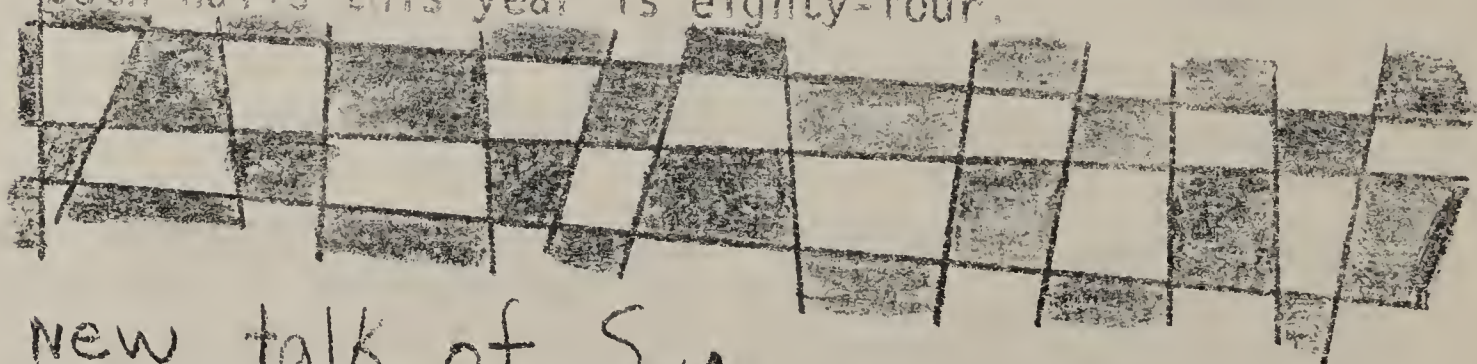
Editors Note: The late appearance of Pulse may cause some consternation and an explanation is necessary. Many factors contributed to our tardiness: the delay in the shipment of our supplies (which caused last year's editor to make a number of official trips!) the abominable condition and multiple maladjustments of Myrtle, our Multilith offset press, and the great speed with which everybody handed in their articles. Pulse thanks Mike Simon and Tim Hemm who through long hours of tenderness nursed myrtle into working condition and Fr. Spanbauer for use of his typewriters.

INITIATION: 68-69

On August 28th, fifty-eight new students assumed their residence in Xavier and Christopher Halls. Forty-six of these are seminarians, who now reside in Xavier Hall, and twelve of these are Brother Postulants, who are residing in Christopher Hall. Forty-two of these students graduated from Brunnerdale Seminary, eleven from Precious Blood Seminary, and five are new students to the seminary.

That same evening the sixth-years began the initiation by calling a hall meeting. At this meeting the new students were advised to have cigarettes handy at all times for the sixth years, to wear their dog tags at all times, and to learn a short poem, which they had to recite at the wild whims of any sixth year. The next few days were very busy for the new students. Whenever they were not working, they engaged in initiation activities. Among these were morning (5:00) calisthenics, and a midday hike with suits on. Finally the sixth-years called an end to the initiation Tuesday evening by throwing a party, by which they amiably welcomed the new students to St. Joseph's College.

Xavier Hall now houses sixty-six seminarians; forty-six of whom are fifth years, and twenty of whom are sixth-years. Christopher Hall now houses eighteen Brother Postulants; twelve of whom are fifth-years and six of whom are sixth-years. The total membership of both halls this year is eighty-four.



new talk of Sy:

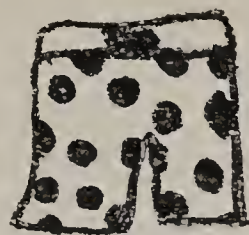
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d.m.u. briefs



On the 4th day of August in the year of Our Lord 1968, the D.M.U. held its elections. It was a gala affair. Fun was had by all. The results were very revealing. The new D.M.U. pres. is Jerry Schiek, vice pres. is David Kroger, secretary is Bill O'Donnell, treasurer is Carlos Graupera and last but surely not least, the new work boss is Richard Richina.

As the new president of the Dwenger Mission Unit, I'd like to challenge everyone to take an interest in this most worthwhile organization.

We have scheduled the 1st meeting for next week. Many new ideas are going to be brought up at that meeting. For instance, we plan to propose a D.M.U. benefit dance and movies. This will enable us to send more money to needy missionaries in places such as Biafra. The annual raffle and bingo party will be held.

Jerry Schiek

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cont. from p. 13

inside and outside the hall. A seminarian must be concerned about others since a priest as a servant to others simply must have a concern for all.

Assuming Fr. O'Dell's position as assistant to the director is Fr. Robert Fitzgerald. Fr. Fitzgerald is also a graduate of Brunnerdale, having been a member of the class following Fr. Hanish. Father was ordained in 1964 and then continued his studies at Gregorianum in Rome and the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. Father received his M.A. in Church History from the latter in 1967. He has served as an assis-

tant pastor at Our Lady of Good Counsel in Cleveland and at St. Anthony's in Falls Church, Virginia. In the fall of 1967 Father began his teaching career at St. Joseph's and he continues it this year besides his new assignment as Fr. Hanish's assistant. He is currently engaged in teaching four classes, two each in Old Testament Theology and New Testament Theology.

These are our new directors. We wish to welcome them and to wish them luck in their new task. We all are looking forward to what should be a joyful and exciting year together.

Rich Longsworth

